

backseat serenade by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Car Sex, F/F, Multiple Orgasms, Smut, also some angst, high school!au, just girls being girls and going down on each other

Language: English

Characters: Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler

Relationships: Joyce Byers/Karen Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-02-01

Updated: 2018-02-01

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:35:24

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,168

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

After graduation, Joyce Horowitz and Karen Dawson say goodbye.

backseat serenade

Author's Note:

i posted this on tumblr a billion years ago but im posting it on here

it's graduation night, and Joyce Horowitz won't let herself worry that this is goodbye forever.

Karen Dawson has always been one of those people with a plan. Cheerleading captain, ring-by-spring school in Northern Illinois with a good MRS program, married with at least one kid by 25. Anyone could tell that.

Joyce, meanwhile, was gonna stay stuck in Hawkins, working at the same damn general store and smoking cigarettes. She'll probably get married too, but only because she got knocked up. At least Karen was gonna get out there.

It's after midnight now, according to the bright neon green clock at Hammond's Family Diner. So not graduation anymore. Joyce had long took off the stupid cap and gown, but her fingers played with the tassel that she kept.

Eyes focused on that, she didn't hear anyone come in. or step up to her booth. Only when someone slid in across from her.

Karen Dawson.

"Hi Joyce," She says, looking stunning in her white dress and hair pulled up. She graces the loner girl with a regal smile. "Happy Graduation."

Joyce obnoxiously slurps at her chocolate milkshake but says nothing.

Knowing attitude when she sees it, Karen doesn't push it and fiddles with her hair. She pulls it loose and lets it fall over her shoulders.

"No Lonnie tonight?" Karen asks.

The smaller girl snorts, “He’s at the Quarry getting wasted, I presume.” They both think but don’t say, *kinda hope he falls in*.

“You look nice,” Karen offers instead.

Joyce looks down at her white t-shirt and white skirt, then back up with a raised brow.

“Well, nicer than you normally do.”

Joyce snorts, “There she is.”

“So what are you doing tonight?” Karen asks. A part of her wonders why she keeps pushing conversation, but the other part already knows the answer.

Joyce smirks, a smirk that they’re both familiar with. “Just drinking milkshakes.”

“Is that all?” Karen asks, cocking her head sweetly.

Joyce says nothing for a moment, tongue lightly touching her upper lip in a way that nearly has Karen tingling. “I could be free. If you have your daddy’s car.”

With that, Karen reaches into her purse and pulls out the keys.

Later, they’ve pulled off of Cornwallis just at the edges of Hawkins Forest, crammed in the back of the Dawson Family Chevrolet Bel Air.

Joyce straddles Karen, kissing her like this is their last night. Logically, she knows that the cheerleader is stuck in Hawkins for at least the rest of the summer, but the tossing of the caps in the air felt like a punctuation to whatever the hell they are.

Karen whimpers as Joyce bites down at Karen’s pink lips at the thought. She almost pulls away to apologize, but Karen’s using one hand to tug at Joyce’s short hair and her hips to roll against the smaller girl’s.

Joyce smirks and bites down once more. “Take this off,” She mumbles, moving her hands from Karen’s silky hair to the skirt of her

dress.

“There’s a zipper, baby,” Karen urges.

Joyce lets her hands travel down Karen’s torso, taking her damn sweet time to find it. The curly-haired girl keens, leaning up to kiss the daylight out of her.

Growing impatient, Joyce blindly tries to find the zipper and tug the other girl free. Their lips pull apart, so the short-haired girl leans down and kisses at the smooth column of Karen’s neck as she tugs her free.

Karen breathes out, “No biting.”

Joyce, never one for following rules, decides to bite down at a decently-obsured spot, sucking a hickey as her own form of punctuation.

“You- bitch,” Karen says, but the words are marred by the moan she releases. Emboldened, Joyce bites another one. Karen gasps and tilts her head back. Joyce isn’t even sure if she means to. “Concealer is *expensive*.”

“I’ll buy you a milkshake,” Joyce offers playfully, pulling away after licking the spot to tease the girl. *God* she somehow tastes like strawberries. She tugs the dress down a bit, and they have to awkwardly maneuver together to make sure the dress doesn’t rip.

Joyce finds herself distracted as the faint light of the moon seems to just exist to draw attention to the tanned, smooth skin of Karen Dawson, lying down before Joyce in nothing but a bra and panties.

Joyce swallows, “You’re stunning.”

Before she can backpedal, Karen pulls them back together, cupping her face with one hand. One manicured nail digs in slightly by her ear, and she’s only slightly surprised to find she doesn’t mind the pain at all.

As they kiss, Karen switches the angle, gently moving the other girl down so she’s on top. With one hand, she pushes the white t-shirt off

past the perky breasts of the girl below her. For as long as they can handle, they work together again to tug the shirt off and toss it at the front windshield. Their lips meet once more.

God, I'm going to miss that tongue, she thinks as she watches the other girl take her brassiere off.

After freeing herself from her bra, Joyce tugs at Karen's hair, fingers weaving their way through the curls. There's a bit of hairspray there making it tight, but neither of them mind.

But Karen has another mission in mind.

With the other girl focused on their lips, Karen moves her free hand under the white skirt and between the legs of the smaller loner.

She gently presses the pads of her fingers to the panties, feeling how wet the other girl is.

As Joyce pulls their lips apart to moan, Karen moves her lips to kiss and nibble at her jaw. "You're so wet for me."

Joyce nods desperately, rolling her hips against her fingers through the panties. Karen lets her lips quirk against the soft yet defined jaw line. Her hand that had her fingers digging into Karen's shoulder smacked against the interior of the car at the sensation.

"Just for me right?" Karen asks her, using one finger to tug the panties down. "Not Lonnie." It's not a question.

Joyce nods, helping the curly-haired cheerleader tug the panties off. "Not Lonnie," She agrees. "It's just you."

They know this, they do. But Karen, for one, loves hearing it.

Joyce's hand that was spread against the window to ground herself starts to move toward toward her skirt.

"Don't," Karen orders, moving her fingers back to play with her girl. She lets her fingers trail along the slit, gathering the warm wetness against her painted nails. "Leave it on."

Joyce nods again, moaning and kicking her head back. She smacks into the window. Before Karen can check if she's okay, Joyce kisses her again.

"Make me come," Joyce moves to whisper in her ear. "Before you go."

Karen wants to speak, but Joyce exhales sharply, "Please, babe, I need your fingers, get me *off*."

Even though she loves it when Joyce begs, Karen lets one finger enter the smaller girl.

"Yes," Joyce moans out, immediately grinding down on it. "God I love this- love- *fuck*, K-!"

Karen moves her lips down Joyce's jaw to her neck to her chest. She bites down just above the nipple and Joyce cries out.

"If only the school could see you now," Karen muses aloud, pushing another finger in. Joyce kicks her head back again as she groans, eyes closed at the sensations. She licks around the skin she just bit. "Cool Girl Joyce Horowitz, begging to get fucked by a cheerleader." Her fingers curl a bit

"You called me cool," Joyce pants out, rolling her hips fervently. "No takebacks."

Karen licks at her lips. If the other girl is able to be sarcastic, she isn't doing this well enough. She tries to time it perfectly so she bites down on the girl's other tit as she pushes a third finger in.

"Oh God!" Joyce cries out, practically quivering as she quickens her pace. Somehow, the girl always feels so new and familiar at the same time, but the noises always manage to surprise her. Joyce is surprisingly vocal. "Karen, Karen, Karen," Her breath hitches on the last call of her name. "Make me come, babe, *please*."

"Come," Karen orders, biting down on the smaller girl's nipple once more.

It takes a few more thrusts of her fingers, but then Joyce clenches

around her, crying her name like it's the only word she knows.

Karen makes sure she rides it out, gently thrusting in and out of her as the dark-haired girl shudders through it. Just when the other girl starts to relax, Karen builds up momentum again, fucking the other girl into another orgasm.

"Oh my God," Joyce practically whines as she comes once more, resting her head against Karen's shoulder as her hips buck against the fingers. This time, Karen lets her calm down. "*Fuck*. I don't think my legs work anymore." She pants, chest heaving almost hypnotically.

Karen kisses Joyce's lips with a smile. "Then I've done my job."

Joyce pulls away and smirks, "But I haven't done mine. Lean back."

A part of her wants to fight and tease, but a larger part of her vibrates with need, so she leans back. Tilting her head to the side a bit, she sees the windows are fogged up, and she smiles a bit at the semblance of privacy. She likes that this moment is just between them.

Joyce's hands are on her waist again, and they slowly move to her back, tugging her bra free. Karen arches so the other girl can have a better angle. Joyce tosses it away, kisses around her chest.

Karen whimpers, hips bucking. She's so damn *wet* and Joyce is teasing her, that ridiculous-

Then Joyce starts kissing down her waist, her lips an odd sensation around her belly button, but not unpleasant. At all.

Joyce's fingers move to press Karen's thighs further apart. "C'mon, cheerleader, show me what these pins can do."

Karen, always ready for a challenge, practically kicks a leg up to the space above the seats and between the window, the other going by the headrests of the front seat. Her hands hold herself steady, spread out just for her.

"Good girl," Joyce murmurs, and Karen full-body shudders, skin prickling as she blushes. Smug, Joyce leans down, her own back

arching in a slightly unpleasant way but who cares.

She licks down the slit, her tongue just as playful and teasing as the other girl's fingers were earlier.

"Oh *fuck!*" Karen calls out immediately. They haven't done this for a few months, too busy with the end of the year. But after those mind-blowing orgasms, Joyce figures this is more than fair.

Joyce says nothing, too focused on licking this girl to orgasm. She's always been a big fan of this position, because Karen absolutely *loses* it when they do this.

"Joy, please," Karen whimpers as Joyce fixes her mouth to her clit. Since the cheerleader is already wet as hell, she slips in two fingers, causing her to kick the window at the sensation.

Joyce fucks her two fingers into Karen, licking her sweet warmth as the girl keens. God. how the hell does she still manage to taste like strawberries?

"Oh god," Karen starts to peak, she can feel her tighten around her fingers. She wants to dirty talk, but Karen's too close and Joyce wants her to come, wants her to remember the fact that she *never* came before they started hooking up.

Joyce sucks down on her clit, almost biting it as she curls her fingers.

"*Joyce, fuck!*" Karen nearly screams as she peaks. Instead of letting her calm down at all, the short haired girl slips a third finger in and keeps up her overwhelming pace.

"O-oh god," Karen comes once more, so quickly after the other. Her body goes taut from the force of it, and it crashes over her in waves.

Joyce pulls her fingers out gently, but still licks at her. She's too sensitive to come again, even though she nearly does, but she settles for pulling the smaller girl close.

"Happy graduation," Karen says, flushed with sweaty hair and damp skin. She kisses Joyce's temple gently, but the small girl has gone completely quiet.

At some point, they'll have to get dressed again, and drive home. They'll have to pretend this doesn't happen. At some point, Karen will go off to school. At some point, Joyce will just be a faded memory.

'I'll miss this,' Joyce says, curling into the other girl.

Karen wants to say so many things, like reassure her that she probably won't be gone forever and that the summer has barely started. They can still have each other, that Joyce can follow her to Chicago if she wants. They don't have to end this, this doesn't have to be over.

But this still feels like goodbye, so she says none of those things. Just holds her in the Bel Air.

Author's Note:

literally if you have any prompts for more joyren
please hmu @ eleventhemage on tumblr